Daily Eagle

A WONDERFUL STORY.

In the half forgotten book, "The Marvellous Country; or Three Years in Arizona," by S. W. Coggens, the author mentions an old Zuni Indian who spoke of the intrepidity and courage shown by the Zunis in resisting the attacks of the Spaniards as well as of the Apaches and Navajoes; until, warming with the subject, he insisted upon accompanying and showing the very spot where the attack had been made by Coronado's army, and which had so nearly proved fatal to that great chief.

The author goes on:

"The old man seemed so anxious that we should once more visit the site of old Zuni, and in his company, that the doctor and myself, nothing loath to again witness its beauties, accepted the invitation, only requiring that the visit should be paid during the afternoon, as on the morrow we had determined to start for the Rio Grande.

It was late in the afternoon when we started, in company with the cacique, to view the place which 330 years before a little handful of Spaniards had so gallantly assaulted and carried by storm—the ancient city of Cibola, where, as the cacique informed us, the Zunis had won a name for themselves that would never be forgotten.

Passing the "Sacred spring," and down through the narrow rocky gorge at the foot of the mesa, we commenced to climb the steep and rugged path that led to the height above us.

We made our first halt upon a terrace, or ledge, about 250 feet above the plain. Around the outer edge of this terrace formerly had been constructed a wall of rock, traces of which were plainly discernible, and must have afforded complete protection against any assaulting party, so perfectly did it command the only means of approach. Indeed, it seemed to us that a dozen men might have successfully held it against a thousand.

Standing upon the narrow ledge, scarcely ten feet in width, the old man depicted in glowing terms the contest, and told us how they had hurled great rocks from the wall upon the heads of the invaders of their homes; how the great chief himself had been felled to the earth by one of them, and of blood flowing like water.

Indeed, the old man seemed never to tire of the subject; and as we slowly made our way up the difficult path, listening to the earnest and impressive traditions regarding the valor of his ancestors, I could but sympathize with him when he said, "The Zunis were a happy and prosperous people until the Spaniards came amoug them; they warred for the protection of their homes and for the honor of their women, it is true, but the strife was never of their own seeking; they only fought when obliged to; then they fought honestly, man to man; there was no nation that could stand against the Zunis.

"Montezuma had protected them since the creation of the earth. Had he not instructed them how to manufacture their own clothing, to raise their food out of the ground, to raise flocks and herds, to build houses to live in? Were they not more prosperous than the wild tribes who wandered over the country but to destroy and lay waste?

"They had always prospered until the Spaniards came. Then all was changed. From the day that those people came they had been cursed. Montezuma no longer regarded them with his former love; the Spaniards had made his heart cold towards them; but the Great Spirit would again kindle the flame in his heart. It must be a punishment that he had sent upon them, because they, his children, had permitted the sacred flame to burn dimly that he had kindled with his own hands upon the altar of the estufas; but they relied upon the promise he had made them, that he would one day return and lead them, as of old—for was not Montezuma the very embodiment of truth?"

In this garrulous, simple manner the old man entertained us as we toiled up the steep, precipitous sides of the mesa, enchaining our attention so completely, that we gave heed to but little else, and had actually ascended the highest of the three terraces before I was aware that we were standing upon a narrow shelf scarcely twelve inches in width, although 800 feet above the plain.

When I at length realized the fact, I was indeed startled at the novel and perilous situation in which we found ourselves; nor were my fears in the least allayed by noticing the nervous and excited maner with which Don Rafael, who seemed ever on the alert for our safety, called our attention to the fast growing darkness, as he urged us to at once commence the descent.

Upon our left was a huge wall of rock and earth, towering nearly 300 feet above our heads, and apparently so smooth as not to afford footing for a living creature, while upon our right for nearly 800 feet below was empty space.

The dizzy heights at which we stood, the narrow path before us, the vast abyss below, the growing darkness, the danger of the descent, all seemed to have been forgotten in the desire to hear the old man, who still kept on in his low monotone, utterly oblivious of everything save the Zunis and their history; when, carelessly stepping upon a small stone which rolled under my foot, before I could possibly recover myself, I was precipitated over the bluff, and in a moment found myself sliding down its almost perpendicular side, feet foremost.

In the twinkling of an eye I was far beyond the reach of my companions, who, upon hearing the noise made by my fall, turned towards me, and stood aghast, but powerless to aid me. My first thought was that I should be dashed to pieces upon the rocks at the foot of the bluff; the next that I might possibly manage to save myself upon one of the terraces beneath.

All this time I was acquiring greater momentum, until it seemed as though I was fairly flying into the very arms of the horrible death which stood staring me so steadily in the face. Not a bush or shrub could I see growing upon the precipitous sides; there was nothing, absolutely nothing, for me to cling to, and the stones and earth which I disturbed in my descent were falling in a shower around me.

Convinced that death was inevitable, I became perfectly reconciled to the thought. My mind comprehended in a moment the acts of a lifetime. Transactions of a most trivial character, circumstances the remembrance of which had been buried deep in memory's vault for years, stood before me in bold relief; my mind recalled with the rapidity of lightning, and yet retained a distinct impression of every thought.

I seemed to be gliding swiftly and surely out of the world, but felt no fear, experienced no regret at the thought; on the contrary, rejoiced that I was so soon to see with my own eyes the great mystery concealed behind the veil; that I was to cross the deep waters and be at rest.

I thought I heard the sound of many voices, in wonderful harmony, coming fresh from the far-off distance, though from what direction I could not tell.

My momentum had become so great that I seemed to experience much difficulty in breathing; and I remember that I was trying to explain to my own satisfaction why this should be so, when the heel of my right boot struck the corner of a small stone that chanced to be firmly imbedded in the earth, and therefore offered so much resistance to my descent that upon striking it I was thrown forward upon my face. The stone without doubt saved my life.

I have a clear recollection that, as I was thrown forward, I instinctively threw my arms out, whether to act as a protection to my face, or to enable me to grasp something, I do not know; but one of my hands struck against the sharp edge of something, and I grasped it and clung to it with a tenacity that a dying man only can understand.

I have always, since that day, understood perfectly the feeling that induces a drowning man to catch at a straw that he sees floating near him.

How it was that I succeeded in grasping it, or holding it, or managing to make it afford me a kind of support, I have no idea.

I remember of thinking that I had stopped; of being aware that I was bleeding badly; of wondering if I was dead, and why such an eternity of time had elapsed since my foot had slipped; and then darkness closed around me.

I was aroused by a sharp pain in my left arm, and opening my eyes saw two or three persons standing around me whom I did not recognize, though I realized the fact that I was not dead, and immediately relapsed once more into a state of insensibility, to be again aroused by a terrible twinge of pain in my arm.

Opening my eyes, I saw the doctor with a pair of scissors, which I recognized as my own, in his hand, with which he seemed to be engaged in cutting my coatsleeve, while a confused mass of something seemed above and around him on all sides. At first I could not seem to understand what it meant, then I knew them to be human faces, and then——

When I next awoke I was lying in my blankets, with, I was sure, a broken arm, and was pretty well convinced by the feeling of my body that I had not a bone in it that was not in some manner injured. The doctor was sitting a short distance from me complacently smoking his pipe in the bright light of the camp fire.

I said to him; "Well, old fellow, you seem to be taking it easy."

He replied: "Yes; and if you know when you're well off, you'll do the same thing. Go to sleep again, and in the morning you shall know about it."

Reader, I obeyed orders, because I couldn't help it. I went to sleep.

* * * * * * * *

"How's your arm this morning, and how do you feel?"

"Sore! Tell me about it, doctor."

"Tell you about it! I wish I could. The first thing we knew of your mishap, we saw you going down the face of the bluff on your back, at a rate of speed that would have put to shame old Pegasus himself, without even the compliment of notifying us of your intended trip. It was some seconds before I comprehended the situation, and even then we could neither of us do anything, and certainly never expected to see you alive again.

"We listened, and heard you call from away down below that you were 'all right;' and then Don Rafael started off like the wind, and almost before the old cacique or I had time to collect our senses, and think how we could render you any assistance, he was back with half a dozen Zunis and some lariats. I declare I don't think he was gone five minutes. When you think of the distance he was obliged to travel to the pueblo and back, it seems incredible that he could have gotten over the ground in such a short space of time.

They went to the terrace above you, and Don Rafael and one of the Zunis were lowered to the spot where you lay, attached the ropes around your body, and you were then hoisted, more dead than alive, to the ledge where the Zunis stood, after which you were carried upon their shoulders to the plain below. We laid you upon the grass, and I made an examination to ascertain the extent of your injuries, and greatly to my satisfaction and delight found that your only serious injury was a broken arm. I managed to successfully set it, after which you were brought here. It was really a most wonderful escape; the thing couldn't be done once in 10,000 times; for, with the exception of your broken arm, which isn't a bad fracture by any means, and some pretty rough old bruises, you are quite unharmed. A few days will set you all right again. I only wish I had some arnica for you."

So ends the narrative, concerning which the author adds in his contents: "If you doubt me, try it yourself!" Sensible people will avoid risky experiments on holiday occasions. A good "outing" need not become a source of special danger. The wild spots of nature should always be approached with caution. Above all—those who come limp from city life should not make any rash attempt to perform feats which demand the steady nerve and sure foot of a trained mountaineer.

Disinterring the Rest of Pompeii.

Excavation goes on constantly but slowly on account of the poverty of the government, and one may watch the process and see brought to light a statue, a pavement, a fresco or a sleeping apartment. What will be done with the vast amount of antiquities to be uncovered in the remaining two-thirds of the city, no one can tell. The museum of Naples is full and the quantity of antique material found at Rome and all over Italy is crowding the public galleries everywhere. Why does not some American millionaire offer to assist in disinterring the rest of Pompeii for a portion of the antiquities, which with commendable public spirit he could give to some museum in New York or San Francisco?

Most of the pictures, statues, frescoes, pavements, bronzes, jewelry, etc., have been taken from the houses of Pompeii and placed in the great museum at Naples, which is one of the most wonderful in the world. It is so rich in objects of various kinds, in Greek vases and in Pompeiian antiquities, that it would really repay months of study. Persons coming to Rome should also visit Naples, which is only five hours distant, and the visit can be made even in summer with much less discomfort than is usually supposed. It would not be perhaps worth while merely to know its people, if time presses, but the three great features of the place—Vesuvius, Pompeii and the museum—are worthy to be classed among the wonders of the world.—Foreign Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

The Marquis in Hard Lines.

From a private letter from a friend in London I learn that the Marquis de Leuville, a powdered and laced guy who was the laughing stock of New York for several seasons, is in a sad way. He is, indeed, almost reduced to working for a living, and is growing more and more destitute. It may be remembered that he was the affianced husband of Mrs. Frank Leslie, who defended him against many of the good-natured attacks of local journalists with much spirit and fire. She finally threw him over, and now he's on the cold and cruel world. He weighed about 220 pounds, wore corsets, oiled his hair, whiskers and mustache, wore women's shoes and gloves and was about the sickliest and most effeminate specimen we have ever seen. —New York Cor. Troy Times.

A Beginner in Natural Science.

Marion, aged 5, is very much interested in her brother's natural science lessons. One Sunday her older sister related to her the story of the ark and flood. After listening very attentively she at length exclaimed:

"I don't believe a word of it!"

"Why, Marion, why do you say that?" the sister asked in surprise.

"Why, all those people in the ark would have been suffocated with carbonic acid gas," the child replied.—Exchange.

The Disappearance of Song Birds.

A Utica naturalist says that song birds in that region are fast disappearing. The wren is almost unknown, the bobolink, that formerly abounded on the Mohawk meadows, is disappearing rapidly, while blue birds, yellow birds, orioles, and even woodpeckers, highoes and crows are becoming scarce. As a consequence, he says, fruit trees and all sorts of vegetation are suffering from the ravages of insects. Pot hunters and bird-nesting boys are said to account for the disappearance of the birds.—New York Sun.

Mr. Gladstone receives no salary as premier, but as first lord of the treasury his yearly compensation is $25,000.

Hereafter English soldiers will not be allowed to smoke in the streets in daytime.

WHY MAIDS WILL WED.

A good wife rose from her bed one morn
And thought with nervous dread,
Of the piles on piles of clothes to be washed
And the dozen of mouths to be fed.
"There's the meals to get for the men in the field,
And the children to fix away to school,
And all the milk to be skimmed and churned—
And all to be done this day."

It had rained in the night and all the wood
Was wet as it could be.
There were puddings and pies to bake
And a loaf of cake for tea;
And the day was hot, and her aching head
Throbbed wearily as she said:
"If maidens but knew what good wives know
They'd not be in haste to wed."

"Annie, what do you think I told Ned Brown?"
Called the farmer from the well—
And a flush crept up to his bronzed brow
And his eyes half bashfully fell.
"It was this:" And coming near he smiled.
"It was this: That you are the best
And the dearest wife in town."

The farmer went back to the field,
And the wife, in a smiling, absent way,
Sang snatches of tender little songs
She'd not sung in many a day.
And the pain in her head was gone and her clothes
Were as white as the foam of the sea,
And her butter as sweet and golden as it could be.

The night came down—
The good wife smiled to herself as she said:
"'Tis so sweet to labor for those we love
It is not strange that maids will wed."
[Detroit Free Press.

Diligence Encouraged.

The Bishop of Manchester, England, Dr. Moorhouse, was the son of a cutler in Sheffield.

Having work all day, he pursued his preparatory studies in the early mornings and evenings, and after awhile his father consented to his entering St. John's College, Cambridge, where he distinguished himself.

HE WAS FULL OF NERVES.

Mark Twain's Harrowing Experiences with Mice and Other Monsters.

Mr. Steve Gillis, printer and journalist, was the friend and room mate of Mark Twain in the old days when the latter was a reporter on the Call, says the San Francisco Post. They had likewise suffered and triumphed together in the sagebrush, the dusty green foliage of which they frequently succeeded in turning to a bright red. Mark was and is a very nervous man. Small annoyances robbed his life of sweetness and light. Stephen had no nerves and it gave him a maiden pleasure to experiment upon those of Mr. Clemens.

"Steve," cried Mark, in an agonized voice, shaking his bedfellow out of an apparently profound slumber, "do you hear that mouse—that infernal, gnawing mouse? It's driving me wild."

"Oh, hang the mouse," growled Gillis, turning over and snoring ostentatiously.

It wasn't a mouse, but a little machine which Stephen was privately working with a string for the benevolent purpose of torturing his friend.

Mark lay and writhed and cursed and gnashed his teeth. He cried shoo and beat upon the headboard. He got up and threw things under the bed, and walked around the room and wrung his hands and moistened his profanity with tears of impotent exasperation.

The mouse still gnawed and Twain put on his clothes and went forth and paced the streets the morning, leaving his tormentor in peace.

"Steve, Steve, what have you been doing?" asked Gillis another night, startled out of ten sweet hours time and sitting up in bed. And no wonder he was startled. Mark, undressed, had just entered the room. In his hand he held a Japanese sword, as sharp as a razor, a prized gift from Bayard Taylor. This weapon was dripping with blood. The clock struck midnight.

"He'll never crow again," exulted the assassin; but even as he crawled into bed the offending rooster sent forth a cock-a-doodle-do that caused Mark to give a howl of foiled vengeance and bury his head under the blankets.

In the morning it was discovered that his one furious stroke in the chicken house had bereft eight hens of their heads, but the rooster had escaped. He owed his life to the fortunate circumstance that he slept—or rather crowed—at the end of the perch farthest from the door of the coop.

"Steve! Steve, I say! wake up!" came a hoarse and furious whisper at 2 A.M.

Mr. Gillis awoke and beheld Mr. Clemens, clad only in his shirt, standing by the open window. The night was cold, and Mr. Clemens was shivering violently. In his shaking hand was a revolver.

"Steve," he pleaded, "you're warm and your nerve is good. Get up and shoot this cat for me. I've been out in the yard for an hour trying to get a bead on the brute, and now that he's there on the fence I can't kill him—oh, I know that I can't kill him! Get up, Steve, do."

"Oh, let the cat alone."

"What? You won't get up? Then, Steve Gillis, I'll shoot you. I'm shaky, but I can do that if I can't hit a cat!"

And Mr. Gillis arose and slew the cat in self-defense, and Mark Twain went out and brought in a bottle and sat up till sunrise to celebrate the execution.

Mark Twain and Dan De Quille roomed together in early Comstock days. One morning Dan missed his boots, and after a vain search he suspiciously inquired of Mark, who was lying in bed, lazily smoking a clay pipe:

"Mark, I can't find my boots. Do you know anything about 'em?"

"Your boots?" complacently replied Mark. "Well, yes; I threw them at that cat that was yowling around the house last night!"

"Threw my boots at the cat!" howled Dan in a rage. "Why didn't you throw your own boots?"

"Dan," said Mark, after a reflective puff or two; "Dan, if there is anything I hate it is a selfish man. I have observed of late that you are growing selfish. What difference does it make whose boots were thrown at that cat? Dan, beware of selfishness. It is the most contemptible trait in human nature."

S. S. Prentiss, the Southern Orator.

Prentiss served but one term in Congress, but his voice was heard in behalf of the Whigs in every campaign until his death in 1849, at the age of 41. He was the principal speaker at the great Whig meeting at Nashville in 1844, when his idol, Henry Clay, was a candidate for President.

His speech upon that occasion was do ubtless his master-piece on the stump. When he closed he fell back in a swoon in the arms of James C. Jones, himself a magnificent orator, who hugged him to his bosom and exclaimed in an ecstasy of enthusiasm:

"Die, Prentiss, die; you will never have such another glorious opportunity."

It was at the close of his great speech in Faneuil Hall in 1844 that Edward Everett asked Daniel Webster if he had ever heard such a speech before, and the answer was:

"Never, except by Prentiss himself."